

WAR STORIES.

Tales Told by a Southern Soldier.

St. Louis Republic.

George Carry Eggleston is the author of a volume of short stories which he has called "Southern Soldier Stories." (The Macmillan Company.) Some of the sketches are very short, but all of them breathe the spirit of contest and of endurance. The author dedicates his book to the "Joe" so often mentioned in these stories. He was my loved comrade in arms, and a sharer in all my war experiences. He is now Dr. Joseph W. Eggleston, of Richmond, Va.

In one story Joe is the hero. He was a troublesome hero, it appears. The author says: "Joe was very much in earnest at Pocatoligo, S. C., where a great little battle was fought on the 22d of October, 1862."

"That is to say, Joe was not quite 17 years old, was an enthusiastic soldier, and was as hot-headed as a boy well can be."

Joe had command of a gun. His men fell about him; presently there were but three left. "The other battery was that of Captain Elliott of South Carolina; and Captain Elliott had just been designated Chief of Artillery. Elliott's battery was really not in action at all. Joe, seeing Captain Elliott, and being himself full of the enthusiasm which insists upon getting things done, appealed to the Chief of Artillery for the loan of some cannoners with whom to work his gun more effectively. Captain Elliott declined. Thereupon Joe broke into a volley of vituperation, calling the Captain and his battery cowards, and by other pet names not here to be reported.

"I, as Joe's immediate chief, as well as his elder brother, commanded him to silence and ordered him back to his gun."

The elder brother worried about Joe. He had visions of court-martials and other disagreeable things. When morning came he appeared at Captain Elliott's headquarters at sunrise.

"I entered headquarters with a degree of trepidation which I had never felt before.

"Captain Elliott was performing his ablutions as well as he could, with a big gourd for basin. He nodded and spoke with his head in the towel.

"Good fight, wasn't it? We have a lot of those fellows to bury this morning. Pretty good bag for three hundred and fifty-one of us, and it was mainly your battery's ganister that did it."

"I changed feet and said, 'Y-e-s.' 'I thought to myself that was about the way I should take to 'let a man down easy' in a hard case.

"The Captain carefully removed the soap from his ears; then, turning to me, said: 'That's a fighter, that brother of yours.'

"Yes," I replied; "but, Captain, he is very young, very enthusiastic, and very hot-tempered; I hope—I hope you'll overlook his—er—intemperateness and—"

"Thunder, man, do you suppose I've got any grudge against a fellow that fights like that?" roared the gallant Captain.

"As I rode back through the woods, it seemed to me about the brightest October morning that I had ever seen, even in that superb Carolina climate."

In the story "A Family That Had No Luck" the Southern Soldier says: "There were two instances of supreme heroism in the Civil War. One was upon the one side, the other upon the other.

"One was the charge of Pickett's Southerners at Gettysburg. The other was the heroic series of assaults made by the Northern troops on Marye's Heights, at Fredericksburg.

There are a few words of apt and stirring description of the assault in the last-named battle, and then the writer proceeds to his story of the unlucky family. In the interval between the charges "an old man came in bearing an Enfield rifle and wearing an old pot hat of the date of 1857 or thereabouts. With a gentle courtesy that was unusual in war, he apologized to the two men between whom he placed himself, saying 'I hope I don't crowd you, but I must find a place somewhere from which I can shoot.'

"At that moment one of the great assaults occurred. The old man used his gun like an expert. He wasted no bullet. He took aim every time and fired only when he knew his aim to be effective. Yet he fired rapidly. Tom Booker, who stood next to him, said as the advancing column was swept away: 'You must have shot birds on the wing in your time.'

"The old man answered: 'I did up to 20 years ago; but then I sort o' lost my sight, you know, and my interest in shooting.'

"Well, you've got 'em both back again," called out Billy Goodwin from down the line.

"Yes," said the old man. "You see I had to. It's this way: I had six boys and six gals. When the war broke out I thought the six boys could do my family's share o' the fightin'."

Well, they did their best, but they didn't have no luck. One o' 'em was killed at Manassas, two others in a cavalry raid, and the other three fell in different actions—long the road, as you might say. We ain't seemed to a had no luck. But it's just come to this, that if the family is to be represented the old man must get up his shootin' agin, or else one o' the gals would have to take a hand. So here I am."

"Just then the third advance was made. A tremendous column of heroic fellows was hurled upon us, only to be swept away as its predecessors had been. Two or three minutes did the work, but at the end of that time the old man fell backward, and Tom Booker caught him in his arms.

"You're shot," he said.

"Yes. The family don't seem to have no luck. If one o' my gals comes to you, you'll give her a fair chance to shoot straight, won't you, boys?"

The story entitled "Two Minutes" relates to the firing of a mine. It seemed that all had been arranged and that the match had gone out. Someone must relight it, a dangerous thing to do. The General asked the Captain of the engineers to go in and light the match again. The Captain hesitated. Thereupon a certain young man touched his cap and said: "With your permission, I will go in and fire it."

"Thank you," said the General, "go!"

The man picked up the torch and started into the mine. It seems that the slow-match had gone out within a very short distance of the powder magazine. But, disregarding that, he touched the torch to it, set it off again, and ran with all his might for the mouth of the opening.

"It was two minutes' work. The mine went off just before he reached the outlet, and the air pressure literally blew him out of it. He fell sprawling on his face. He was considerably bruised and scratched in his contact with the gravelly ground, but was not in any serious way injured. Picking himself up, grimed as he was, he took off his cap, and, dusting himself like a schoolboy who has fallen in the street, he approached the commanding officer and said: 'General, I have the honor to report that I have fired the mine, and that it has gone off.'

"The General touched his cap and replied: 'I had observed that fact, and I thank you very much. I beg to say that I will make an official report of the circumstance.'

"Two days later we all touched our caps to a freshly-made Brigadier General of the engineers. The Captain, who had hesitated, remained a Captain."

The author tells the story of "My Friend Phil." Phil was a negro slave who belonged to a friend of the writer. "He was a strong man, rejoicing in his strength always; but there was one thing he would not do—he would not work for himself.

"His master was one of those who hoped for gradual emancipation, as many Virginians did, and thought it his duty to prepare his negroes for freedom, so far as it was possible for him to do so. Among other means to this end, he encouraged each to make and save money on his own account. Each was expected to cultivate a 'patch' of his own. Their master gave them the necessary time and the use of the mules whenever their crops needed attention.

"In this way he thought to train them in habits of voluntary industry and thrift; and some of them, having no necessary expenses to bear, accumulated very pretty little hoards of cash from the sale of their crops every year. But Phil would not raise a crop for himself.

"What I want to raise a crop for?" he would ask. "I don't want no money, only a quarter sometimes to buy a banjo string or a fish line, an' I get plenty o' quarters pitched at me when I hol' de gentlemen's hosses. I don't want no money, an' I wouldn't know what to do wid it if I had it. My master take good care me, an's long as dar's a piece o' meat in de smokehouse Phil knows he's gwine to have plenty to eat. I ain't gwine to earn no money, an' be cas in 'flections on my mastah. My mastah gives me mo' clo'es an' I kin war out; an' what de devil I want to be makin' money for, I dunno."

"Phil did not want to be free. He remonstrated with his master, and when told that he was free by law, whether or no, the tears streamed down his face. "He was a strong man physically, but the most child in character, and the feeling that he no longer had anyone but himself to lean upon was more than he could bear. The light of cheerfulness and good humor went out of his face. The joyousness of his nature disappeared, and before the summer had ripened into autumn poor Phil lay down and died of a broken heart."

New Cure for Appendicitis.

"Appendicitis?" said the doctor who had lately moved here from the west. "Why, I left behind me a reputation as an appendicitis expert that would be worth twenty thousand a year in Chicago."

"What's your percentage of cures?" asked the recently graduated M. D.

"Just an even hundred per cent."

"What are you giving men? There isn't a surgeon in the country who's never lost a case. Why even—"

"Yes; but I don't use the knife," said the other doctor interrupting.

"Medical treatment, eh? Well, I don't hold much with that. It only alleviates. Doesn't cure. What's your method; oil?"

"No. Just water."

"Hydropathic treatment for appendicitis! You must be crazy."

"Who said anything about hydropathic treatment? You hospital youngsters always want to build up a four-story name for everything, so as to charge more for the bill, I reckon. I'm telling you that I've saved 100 per cent. of my appendicitis cases by the use of water; and now, if you'll give me a chance, I'll tell you how I did it; but I wouldn't advise you to follow my method. I don't follow it myself."

"Fire ahead," said the young doctor.

"To begin with the truth, my 100 per cent. consisted of one patient. Appendicitis hasn't got fashionable out our way yet. Few people know about it, and, in my opinion, it's one of those diseases you don't get until you get to thinking about them."

The young doctor looked wise. "Involuntary muscular action due to cere—"

"That'll do," interrupted the older man. "I'll furnish all the foot notes myself. This patient of mine was a chap named Dunby, a big, robust fellow, a great eater and too lazy to take exercise. Consequently his stomach was troubling him. Well, one day he got hold of a semi-medical paper containing a long and gawsome article on appendicitis. That was the first information he had that he was the proud possessor of a verminiform appendix. As soon as he discovered it, it began to bother him. He kept poking and prodding himself to see if he had any pains there, and naturally he made himself sore. One day he came down to my office white as a sheet."

"I've got it, Doc," he said; 'I've got it.'

"Got what?" I asked.

"Appendicitis. I can feel it swell up. It must be a lemon seed or something, though I've been careful not to swallow anything of that sort."

"You've got a stomach ache, and that's all," I said.

"Stomach ache! Oh, if you could feel it. I'm a dead man."

"You're a blooming fool," I said, 'and you'll be a dead fool if you scare yourself into it. Lie down here and let me look you over.'

"The result of my examination was such as to assure me that Dunby was suffering from a bad fit of indigestion and scare combined. I tried to get him to look at it that way, but he wouldn't have it. That infernal medical article was firmly fixed in his appendix verminiformis, and though I was satisfied there was nothing else there, he was likely to die of it. I got him home and returned to my office to smoke a pipe over the problem, promising to return that evening. When I got back there was a little blue mark on his abdomen."

"Mortification," moaned Dunby.

"As a matter of fact, it was simply a slight bruise caused by his continual prodding at himself, but I had formed my plan and proceeded to act upon it."

"You were right, Dunby," I said. "It's appendicitis. That mark shows it."

"Oh, my God!" he cried. "Send for my brother. I want to see my nearest relative before I die."

"You aren't going to die," I said. "You're going to be cured this very night. How's the pain?"

"Gone. Numbness of approaching death," he gurgled.

"Keep your nerve up," I told him. Then I went to a carpenter and had him set in a sort of reversed stocks over Dunby's bathtub, like the kind they used to set malefactors in, only they used to set malefactors in, only they were contrived so that the man should be held upside down, and they were padded to prevent his ankles from being hurt. When they were finished I made Dunby drink water until his eyes bulged out.

"If you drink a lot of water," I explained to him, "it will wash the foreign matter out of the appendix as soon as that organ is reversed. Swallow every drop you can get down."

"When Dunby had drunk till he was puffing like a porter-pigeon my assistant and I took him and hung him up by the feet over the bathtub. It was a very hard job, too, for he was heavy. Three times we filled him up, and three times we hung him up and made an inverted roaring cataract out of him. It was pretty tough treatment, but the moral effect was grand. As soon as he was able to talk he assured me that he was washed out clear to the tips of his toes. Of course no

man ever got a more thorough internal bath. Just to make sure I turned on him a fake x-ray and told him the appendix was clear.

"Now, said I, 'all you've got to do is take plenty of exercise, don't overeat and don't worry. We'll leave the carpenter's work there in case you have another attack.'

"If you'll believe it, the first thing Dunby did as soon as he was well enough to get around was to get an ax and knock the stock contrivance to flinders. Such is the ungratefulness of man. But he sent me a check that I was almost ashamed to take, and talked about my wonderful skill until I was afraid to be held up to the contempt of the profession as an advertiser. My reputation was made. But I don't expect to adopt that treatment here, and I shouldn't recommend you to try it in case of the real thing."

"No; I'm not likely to," said the hospital doctor. "Of course I need hardly tell you that the case you cite is one of hysterical involuntary muscular—"

"I don't think you need," replied the other dryly. "If I'd told my patient that the undertaker, not I, would have had his money. It don't always pay to call a spade a spade when it's a double-barreled Latin-named spade. You might write that in the front of your notebook. Yes; you're welcome."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

She Was in Mourning.

He had asked her to be "his'n," and she had made up her mind that she had "worked out" long enough, anyway. So she accepted him. She was perfectly satisfied with her place, but she wanted to have a house of her own. So they were married.

It wasn't long afterward that she came back to see her former mistress about something, and the latter noticed that she was wearing mourning. Of course she was sorry for her, and was rather surprised that she made no mention of her bereavement. It is indeed a grievous thing when a honeymoon is cut short.

Finally the former mistress brought up the subject herself.

"You are in mourning, Maggie," she suggested.

"Yes," replied Maggie, complacently, and with no show of feeling at all. "I thought it was the least I could do for 'im."

"It is showing no more than proper respect, of course. I am very sorry. It must have been a great shock."

"Great shock!" exclaimed Maggie, in surprise. Then, as she grasped the idea, she went on, "Oh, he ain't dead."

"You haven't lost your husband?"

Maggie shook her head.

"Then why are you in such deep mourning?"

"Just to please the poor lad," answered Maggie. "You see, it's this way," she went on, when she had decided to tell the story. "After we was married, he comes to me, an' he says, 'Maggie,' he says, 'the poor woman niver had nobody to put on mourning' fer her, an' I dunno that she's been treated right,' he says. 'Who?' says I. 'Me first wife,' says he. 'She was all alone in the world, exceptin' fer me,' he says. 'She had no wimen folks to wear mournin' fer her. An' so I says to him, 'I'll do it fer the poor woman,' I says. An' here I am."

And the best of it was that the story is absolutely true.

—Lawyer—"I am afraid you will have a hard time proving your innocence." Bill, the Burglar—"Well, hang it! that's what I hired you fer."

Children like it, it saves their lives. We mean One Minute Cough Cure, the infallible remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, grippe and all throat and lung troubles. Evans Pharmacy.

—Does my whistling disturb you?" "Oh, not in the least. I'm used to hearing men whistle. I'm a collector for a millinery house."

—A schoolma'am says her apt scholars are not generally her rapped scholars, though sometimes they are rapt ones.

It is a great leap from the old-fashioned doses of blue-mass and nauseous physic to the pleasant little pills known as Dr. Witt's Little Early Risers. They cure constipation, sick headache and biliousness. Evans Pharmacy.

—The two most awkward things in this world is a woman holding a gun and a bachelor holding a baby.

—Forty-four muscles are called into play in the production of the human voice.

Thirty-five years make a generation. That is how long Adolph Fisher, of Zanesville, O., suffered from piles. He was cured by using three boxes of Dr. Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. Evans Pharmacy.

—The American Bible Society prints or gives away about 1,500,000 Bibles and Testaments a year.

—In case of war the seashore resorts would not be quite so popular next summer.

M. L. Yeaman, Cameron, Pa., says: "I was a sufferer for ten years, trying most all kinds of pile remedies, but without success. Dr. Witt's Witch Hazel Salve was recommended to me. I used one box. It has effected a permanent cure."

As a permanent cure for piles Dr. Witt's Witch Hazel Salve has no equal. Evans Pharmacy.

—Rev. Francis Schneider, of New York city, claims to have married 250 couples during the last two months, and as he does not accept less than \$3 for each service, he probably feels that "Blest is the tie that binds."

A Woman State Officer.

Among the progressive women of the West Miss Estelle Reel, of Wyoming, occupies a unique position. She is State superintendent of instruction, also register of the land board, and was elected to both these offices on the regular Republican ticket, being the only woman in the United States who has been elected to a State office. Miss Reel has been in Washington some weeks in the interest of the land board of Wyoming.

She is empowered with authority to negotiate the sale of the lieu lands from the Government to her State, which in turn, are sold to private individuals or corporations.

It is frankly stated at the interior department that Miss Reel has transacted the business in one-third the time and with better pecuniary results to her State than has heretofore any masculine register of Wyoming.

Miss Reel has been at the Waldorf-Astoria this week, not as a pleasure-seeker in the metropolis, but busily engaged in the interest of the educational part of her public duties.

She arranges the curriculum of all the schools, selects text-books and arranges the school institute meetings throughout her State.

Ten years ago Miss Reel was a school teacher in Illinois, and, going to Wyoming for her health, became interested in its educational matters, till by rapid promotion, through the recognition of her exceptional talents, she occupies her present high position.

So popular is she in this State of equal suffrage that her political influence is clearly recognized as an important factor by the Republican party, to which she belongs.

She was expected as guest of honor at the West End Woman's Republican Club yesterday afternoon, but, being hastily called out of the city on business, a letter of regret was sent, in which she said in part:

"I have been looking forward to meeting the 'New York women,' of whose intelligent interests in politics I have heard. The feature of your political work that has appealed to me most directly is the fact that it is carried on so entirely along educational lines; that you are always striving to enlarge the opportunities of the masses for education, believing that in that way the principles to which we adhere will be most permanently established."—New York Tribune.

—The man who waits till he is better before beginning a religious life, is like the debtor who supposes that it will be easier to pay his obligations after they have been doubled by accumulated interest than it is now.

—"I see by that sign," said the man in the chair to the barber, "that you hone razors for private use." "Yes, sir; have you some that you want honed?" "No, but I was wondering why you didn't hone the razors you use on your customers."

—Never cry over spilt milk. The milkman has already wasted enough water on it.

Don't Invite Sickness

Which is better, to thoroughly cleanse and purify the blood just now, or make yourself liable to the many dangerous ailments which are so prevalent during summer? Impurities have been accumulating in the blood all winter, and right now is the time to get rid of them. A thorough course of Swift's Specific is needed to cleanse the blood and purify the system, toning up and strengthening it all over. Those who take this precaution now are comparatively safe all summer; but to neglect it is to invite some form of sickness which is so common during the trying hot season. It is now that a course of Swift's Specific

S.S.S. For The Blood

will accomplish so much toward rendering the system capable of resisting the evil influences which are so liable to attack it during the summer when sickness is so abundant. It is the best tonic and system-builder on the market, because it is a real blood remedy and is made solely to search out and remove all impurities, and supply an abundance of pure, rich and red blood. S. S. S. is made exclusively of roots and herbs, and is Nature's own remedy. It is purely vegetable, and is the only blood remedy guaranteed to contain no potash, mercury or other mineral. Be sure to get S. S. S. There is nothing half as good.

Purify the Blood

NOTICE.

IN compliance with the recommendations of the Grand Jury, all persons who have large public roads by the side of the main line of road, which obstruct the flow of the water therefrom, or otherwise damage the roads by throwing rocks, brush or other obstruction in the side ditches, will be prosecuted, unless such obstructions are removed before the first day of April next. This is given so that guilty parties may have time to comply with the law.

W. P. SNEELGROVE, Co. Sup.



The Journey of Womanhood.

When a young girl develops the first tendencies of womanhood, it is as if she were starting alone upon a strange journey beset with rough and dangerous places. A wise and loving mother will not allow any false delicacy to prevent her from giving her daughter the plainest information and advice at this critical stage of her existence.

Young girls suffer a vast amount of unnecessary pain and misery for lack of frank and confidential instruction about their own physical selves.

The special weaknesses and diseases incident to woman's organic development are completely and permanently remedied by the "Favorite Prescription," prepared by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y.

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Mothers and daughters may consult Dr. Pierce by letter without charge and in the most absolute confidence. Their letters will be answered not by any mere nurse, but by an educated skilled physician. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser will be sent free if at one-cent stamps are inclosed to defray the cost of mailing only.

Miss Edith Cain, of Clinton, Allegheny Co., Pa., writes: "I take pleasure in expressing my faith in your 'Favorite Prescription,' prepared by Dr. R. V. Pierce, which has cured me of years of suffering. I began taking Dr. Pierce's medicine and now I am entirely cured. I had been troubled with female weakness for some time and also with a troublesome drain on the system, but now I am happy and well. I will cheerfully recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to all invalid ladies."

—Minnesota has a law to encourage tree planting. A bounty of \$2.50 an acre is offered, and at least one acre must be planted, while no one person can collect for more than ten acres in a year or for more than six years. Any tree but the black locust may be planted. Last year bounties were paid to twenty-five counties for planting 9,324 acres. The law has been in operation sixteen years. In that time more than 100,000 acres have been planted in trees.

—An Oriental story tells us of a man who was asked to lend a rope to a neighbor. His reply was that he was in need of rope just then. "Shall you need it a long time?" asked the neighbor. "I think I shall," replied the owner, "as I am going to tie up some sand with it." "To tie up sand?" exclaimed the would-be borrower, "I do not see how you can tie up sand with a rope." "Oh, you can do almost anything with a rope when you do not want to lend it," was the reply.

—A stranger, on walking through the streets of China, for the first time, is puzzled, among other things, by the appearance of jars in various positions on the roofs of houses. A jar placed with its bottom end toward the street indicates that the daughter of the house is not yet of age to marry. As soon as she has developed into a marriageable maiden the jar is turned with its mouth to the street. When the young lady gets married the jar is removed altogether.

—The length of the coast line of the United States, according to the coast survey, is 5,715 miles, embracing 2,394 miles on the Atlantic Ocean, 1,556 on the Gulf of Mexico and 1,810 on the Pacific Ocean.

—For 3,000 years the Hindoo standard of living has been almost the same for rich and poor. The rajah's floors are bare, and the rich man washes in the open air and dries himself in the sun like his poorer brother.

—Daniel Webster said, "One may live as a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate, but he must die as a man."

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